Three Stories, One Studio

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Three Stories, One Studio

by tini_dancer

Summary

Three sad life stories, one night, one studio.

Or

Bobby finds Luke in the studio one night, then comes Reggie, then Alex. All three had a really, really bad night at home.

Notes

-Takes place a little over a year before the hot dog incident
-Since we don't know Bobby's actual last name, I made it Wilkins
-I'm sorry... this is really sad

May, 1994

One thing was made clear when Bobby's parents allowed the boys to use the family's unused garage as a music studio: It is open at all times for any of them. If they needed a quiet place to relax, write music, or even study, they could come over anytime they wanted, even if Bobby nor his parents weren't home. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins were always so welcoming to their son's friends and were so supportive of the group's passion for music. They had kept that notion for the over 3 years it had been since Sunset Curve was born, and as the time went by, the more often you would find at least one of them in there.

Bobby opened the studio door one night to find Luke sitting on the couch, his nose in his notebook and a pencil in his mouth. This wasn't an uncommon sight, but what was concerning was the fact that it was almost 10 pm on a school night. Luke should have been at home at this time. Bobby sighed and closed the giant door behind him, taking a seat in a patio chair that stood next to the couch.

"What happened now?" Was all he asked.

Luke shook his head, "Nothing out of the ordinary. Just another fight."

"Dude, you've got to do something about this. I love you, man, but I always know something's up when you are here outside of practice."

"I don't know what else to say to them," Luke closed his book and turned his attention to his bandmate, "I'm sixteen, man. I am old enough to make decisions for my life. So what if I want to do music? I'm not the only teenager in the world who wants this, let alone LA."

There was a small pause. Luke knew that fighting with his parents would not lead him to anywhere good. It had been this way for over a year by then. One day, out of the blue, it seemed like his mom was fully against his wishes to pursue music as a career. Never before then had they fought. But after his mom started raising her concerns, wishing he would hold back on the band stuff, it was never the same. A few fights a month became a few fights a week. When things got really ugly, Luke would simply go to the studio. He was barely fifteen the first time he did that, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins held him as he cried. They were such good people. Sometimes, Luke wished they were his parents instead of his actual ones.

Bobby decided to change the subject, “Whatcha working on?”

“I needed something to make me laugh, so I’m writing a song about Reggie’s teeth,” he chuckled, “I don’t think he realizes how badly he needs bottom braces.”

They shared a laugh and Luke passed the notebook over to Bobby for him to read. As the latter skimmed through Luke’s sucky handwriting, he found himself laughing his butt off. The lyrics were so stupid, but somehow he could already hear himself playing a rhythm to it on his guitar. It would be their stupidest song yet, but knowing Luke, he would turn it into a hit, no matter the subject matter.

“Hey, try to harmonize here,” Luke reached over and pointed to a spot on the page, the chorus. The lead singer started it off, and Bobby joined in a line later, making an effortless harmony. One of the band’s strengths was that they could all sing and could all sing together. Not all rock bands had that, actually most famous ones only had one good singer. If they could get off their feet and get a contract and a manager, they would be legendary.

“Someday, we’re going to perform this on a big stage with thousands of fans,” Luke beamed as he took his book back, “Can you imagine? Us singing a song about Reggie’s dental hygiene to adoring fans and

tons of girls wanting a bite of us."

Bobby smiled, "Or boys, in Alex's case."

They were about to sing another part when the studio door flew open. Luke closed the book as soon as he saw Reggie storm in, a duffle bag and his school backpack flung over both shoulders. He tossed them on the ground and sat next to Luke. He ran his hands down his face and let out a loud, stressed groan.

"I can't do it anymore."

Luke placed his book on the table in front of him and sighed, "Again?"

"It just keeps getting *worse* ," Reggie complained, "They weren't always like this. I swear they used to love each other. Now it's like they don't even remember that time. And now they can't even get through dinner without fighting. Me and Ethan just went to my room and stayed there for like two hours."

Bobby then asked, "Did he cry again?"

Luke hit his leg and then turned to Reggie, "Don't answer."

Reggie shrugged, "Ethan's strong for being only ten. I wish he didn't have to be, but he is. But I got to play him one of our newer songs and it made him happy. But you know what sucks? Even over me singing and playing, I could still hear them fighting. They just need to end things before someone gets killed."

“Has it gotten violent?” Bobby inquired.

“Not yet,” Reggie bit his lip, “It might.”

Luke shook his head, “Man, why do they have to fight? They were so chill when we were little. Do you think one of them had an affair?”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if both of them did, or if they still are,” somehow, Reggie was able to smile, “my mom is pretty pageant worthy, who wouldn’t date her? And I get my looks from her.”

No one laughed, though. Luke and Bobby knew that being an idiot was his defense mechanism. It sometimes worked, it sometimes didn’t. But considering the atmosphere of the studio that night, there was no room for laughs. Not anymore, even if the two were just singing a song about crooked teeth.

Reggie then said, somberly, “As I was sneaking out, I saw my dad walk over to the Myerson's. I wouldn’t be surprised if he’s seeing Mrs. Myerson. Her husband isn’t necessarily the best looking person ever, and she’s kinda young. It sucks.”

“You never know, man,” Bobby said, “It might not be an affair. I know your folks hate each other, but that stuff hurts you and your brother. He loves you two.”

“I’m really starting to doubt that.”

Luke was going to reply, but something caught his ear. He heard crying. Loud, uncontrolled crying. He reached over to tap Bobby and asked, “You hear that?”

Bobby and Reggie also heard it. They stood up and opened the door, pausing when they saw the scene in front of them.

In the driveway was Bobby's parents, his mom holding a sobbing Alex and his dad rubbing his back. The other three were stuck in their spot, shocked to the core of what they were seeing. They knew Alex was the most emotional out of all of them, but this… something bad happened.

"Alex…" Luke said quietly, but it caught the blond's attention. He let go of Bobby's mom and let out another horrifying sob. Through his tears, he said only three worlds.

"I told them."

Immediately, without question, Luke bolted to Alex and engulfed him in a hug. Reggie and Bobby joined in as well. The latter looked to his parents and gestured for them to go back inside the house, that they had this handled. They nodded and went inside the house, holding each other close.

They guided Alex into the studio, sitting him on the couch. Alex laid his head on Luke's shoulder and just continued to cry. It didn't take a genius to figure out what had happened, but they each knew that Alex was going to have to tell the story, and he was going to have to tell it at his own pace.

After about ten minutes, the sobs subsided, and Alex lifted his head. He wiped his tears away with his sweatshirt sleeve, turned to Bobby, and asked, "Can I have some water?"

Bobby went over to the mini fridge in the corner of the studio and grabbed a bottle, then gave it to the drummer. Alex took a sip, then hiccuped.

"I shouldn't have told them."

Reggie placed a hand on his knee, "We know you've been wanting to for a while."

"But… God, I didn't know they were *this* against it…"

"What did they say?"

Alex shook his head, "That I'm not their son. That I've never been the good Christian boy that they raised, apparently. That they should have realized something when 'that boy' kept coming over all last year. But… I'm not their son?"

Luke looked away. It had been months since him and Alex had decided to break up, but he wished he could have disproven some of the claims Alex's parents were apparently making. They did do some things fifteen year old boys shouldn't have been doing, mostly just making out on Alex's bed to 80s rock. They never went on real dates, it was so dangerous. But they went over to each other's houses a lot to watch movies, play music, and kiss.

"Alex…" Bobby tried to comfort his friend, "Who cares what they said? If anything, that proves that they don't know you. If they can't differentiate you being gay to you being overall awesome, then that's on them, not you. You are such an awesome person, Alex."

Reggie added on, “Yeah, you are perfect the way you are. I mean, if we can accept you for liking guys, being guys not related to you, then they should. Screw them, Alex.”

Alex looked over to Luke with wide eyes. Luke remembered when he had first fallen in love with those eyes. He thought the world of Alex, even though they were only friends at that point. Even so, he couldn’t form any words. What was there to say? He felt like Alex already knew what he thought of him. So, Luke simply pressed a kiss to Alex’s cheek and gave him another hug.

“You’ll always have us,” he whispered into his ear, “you’ll always have me.”

Bobby looked at the scene in front of him. All three of his friends had gone through hell that night. But there they were, comforting each other like the other two didn’t have any problems. Each had so much pain in their lives, but they had each other. He couldn’t help but feel a little like an outsider. They had shared pain. Bobby didn’t. Still, he cared for his bandmates. He wished he could do something. But in that moment, all he could do was show that he was their friend. So he got over and wrapped his arms around all three of his friends, and they all let out a collective, relieving sigh.

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